# THE CENSVRE OF THE ROTA.

## On Mr DRIDEN's Conquest of GRANADA.

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# THE CENSURE OF THE ROTA.

## *UPON* Mr DRYDEN'S *CONQUEST of* GRANADA,

AMonst severall other late Exercises of the *Athenian Vertuosi* in the *Coffe-Academy* instituted by *Apollo* for the advancement of *Gazett Philosophy Mercury's, Diurnalls*, &c: this day was wholly taken up in the Examination of the *Conquest* of *Granada*; a Gentleman on the reading of the *First Part*, & therein the Discription of the Bull-baiting, said, that *Almanzor's* playing at the Bull was according to the Standard of the *Greek Heroes*, who, as Mr *Dryden* had learnedly observ'd (*Essay* of *Dramatique poetry*. p. 25.) were great *Beef-Eaters*. And why might not *Almanzor* as well as *Ajax*, or *Don Quixot* worry Mutton, or take a Bull by the Throat, since the Author had elsewhere explain'd himselfe by telling us the *Heroes* were more noble *Beasts of Prey*, in his *Epistle*

to his *Conquest* of *Granada*, distinguishing them into *wild* and *tame*, and in his Play we have *Almanzor shaking his Chaine*, and *frighting his Keeper*. p. 28. broke loose. p. 64. and *tearing those that would reclaim his rage*. p. 135. To this he added that his Bulls excell'd others *Heroes*, as far as his own *Heroes* surpass'd his Gods: That the *Champion Bull* was divested of flesh and blood, and made immortall by the poet, & bellow'd after death; that the fantastique Bull seem'd fiercer then the true, and the dead bellowings in Verse, were louder then the living; concluding with a wish that Mr *Dryden* had the good luck to have vary'd that old Verse quoted in his *Dramatique Essay*.

*Atque Versum, & Pugiles media inter Carmina poscunt*
*Tauros, & Pugiles* prima *inter Carmina posco.*

and præfixt it to the front of his Play, instead of

——*Major rerum mihi nascitur Ordo,*
*Majus opus moveo.*

Another *Virtuoso* said he could not but take notice how ignorantly some charg'd *Almanzor* with transgressing the Rules of the *Drama*, vainly supposing that *Heroes* might be confin'd to the narrow walks of other common Mortals; not considering that those Dramatick Planets were Images of *Excentric Vertue*, which was most beautifull, when least regular: that *Almanzor* was no lesse maliciously tax'd with changing sides, then which charge what could be more unjust, if they look't on him as *Achilles* and *Rinaldo*'s countryman, and born with them in that *Poeticall Free-State*, (for Poets of late have form'd *Utopia*'s) where all were Monarchs (without

Subjects

Subjects) and all swore Allegiance to themselves, (and therefore could be Traytors to none else) where every man might invade anothers Right, without trespassing on his owne, and make, and execute what Lawes himself would consent to, each man having the power of Life and Death so absolutely, that if he kill'd himself, he was accountable to no body for the murder; that *Almanzor* was neither Mr *Drydens* Subject, nor *Boabdelins*, but equally exempt from the Poets Rules, and the Princes Laws, and in short, if his revolting from the *Abencerrages* to the *Zegrys*, and from the *Zegrys* to the *Abencerrages* again, had not equally satisfi'd both parties, it might admit of the same defence, Mr *Drydens* Out-cries, and his Tumults did, that the Poet represented Men in a *Hobbian* State of War. A third went on and told them that Fighting Scenes, and Representations of Battells were as necessary to a Tragedy, as Cudgells, and broken Pates to a Country Wake; that an Heroick Poem never founded so nobly, as when it was heightned with Shouts, and Clashing of Swords; and that Drums and Trumpets gain'd an absolute Dominion over the minds of the Audience: (the Ladies, and Female Spirits) Here an Aquaintance of the Authors interpos'd, and assur'd the Company, he was very confident, that Mr *Dryden* would never have had the Courage to have ventur'd on a Conquest had he not writ with the sound of Drum and Trumpet; and that if there was any thing unintelligible in his rants, t'was the effect of that horrour those Instruments of War with their astonishing noise had precipitated him into, which had so transported him, that he

writ beyond himselfe. But he was interrupted by a grave Gentleman *that us'd to sup in Apollo and could tell many Storys of Ben. Johnson*, who told them, that in his opinion Mr *Dryden* had given little proof of his Courage, since he for the most part combated the dead; and the dead — send no Challenges; nor indeed need they, since through their sides he had wounded himselfe; for he ever play'd the Critick so unluckely, as to discover only his own faults in other men, with the advantage of this aggravation, that the *Grammaticall* Errors of older Poets, were but the Errors of their Age, but being made his, were not the Errors of this Age: since he granted this Age was refin'd above those *Solecismes* of the last: thus the *Synchæsis*, or ill placing of Words, a fault of *B. Johnsons* time, was an usuall Elegancy in Mr *Drydens* writings, as in the Prologue to his *Indian Emperour*

*Such easie Judges, that our Poet may*
*Himself admire the fortune of his Play.*

*Himself* in the second verse, which should have been plac'd before *may* in the first.

In the *Indian Emperour*, *Guyomar* say's,

*I for my Country fought, and would again,*
*Had I yet left a Country to maintain.*

*left* should not have preceded *Country*, but follow'd it.

In *Granada*, *second part*.

*I'le sooner trust th' Hyæna then your smile;*
*Or then your Tears the weeping Crocodile.*

And again,

*Yet then to change, 'tis nobler to despair.*

Thus

Thus the using *be* for *are* the vice of those *dull* times, when *Converſation was ſo low*, that our Fathers were not taught to write and read good Engliſh, was frequent with Mr *Dryden* in this politer Age;

In *Granada*, *ſecond part*.

*Almanzor*.

*Madam, your new commands I come to know,*
*If yet you can have any where I goe,*
*If to the Regions of the dead they be.*

In the *Indian Emperour*.

*Things good, or ill, by circumſtances be.*

In *Maximin*.

*The Empreſs knows your worth, but, Sir, there be*
*Thoſe who can value it as high as ſhe.*

And again;

*And ſo obſcene their Ceremonies be,*
*As good men loath, and* Cato *bluſht to ſee.*

In all theſe places he obſerv'd the Rhyme hid the falſe Engliſh. The placing of the Prepoſition at the end of a Verſe or Sentence, Mr *Dryden* had confeſt was common to him with *Johnſon*, but not diſcovering where, the Gentleman oblig'd the Company, by pointing at that in *Maximin*.

*your Brother made it to ſecure his Throne,*
*Which this man made a ſtep to mount it on.*

and more conſpicuouſly in his *Elegy* on *Oliver*. (one who was as great a contemner of Kings as *Almanzor*, and as

as great a defyer of the Gods as *Maximin*)

*Fortune (that easy Mistresse of the young*
*But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)*
*Him at that Age her Favourites rank't among.*
*When she her best lov'd* Pompey *did discard.*

To all which, he added that *ire* an obsolete word of *B. Johnson* was antiquated now, but *inthrall* and *oph* in Mr *Dryden* were words antiquated in *Ben Johnsons* time, that *Johnson* only wrote English in good Latine, but Mr *Dryden* was so accomplish't as to write English fluently in all Languages, *Greek*, *Latine*, *Italian*, *Spanish*, and what not; in him he met with *Escapade*, *Mirador*, *Bizarre*, *torrents winding in volumes*, *Trumpets Clangors*, *Venus's Cestos*, besides *unthinking Crowd*, *bladder'd Air*, and such like *Poeticall Jargon*; and to demonstrate that this Age (or Mr *Dryden*, which is the same) made some improvement in false English as well as the last (if at least we have not received a newer *English Grammar* then *Ben. Johnsons*) he desired them to weigh these verses in his *Granada*.

*Obey'd as Soveraign by thy subjects he*
*But know that I alone am King of me.*

*me*, for my self.

again, *I for her sake thy Scepter will maintain,*
*And thou by me, in spight of thee shall raign.*

*Thee*, for thy self.

As for Mr *Drydens* cavill at the lines in *Catiline*.

*Go on upon the Gods, kiss lightning, wrest*
*The Engine from the Cyclops, and give fire*
*At face of a full Cloud*——

His

His miſtaken Image of ſhooting ( ſince the *Cyclops* Engine was a Thunderbolt ) recoyl'd upon himſelf in his *Maximin*, where he ſuppos'd *Sulphur to rain down in fiery ſhowers on Charinus*, a clearer image perhaps of ſhooting, unknown as much in *Maximin's* days, as *Catalin's*. A Critick continuing on the diſcourſe, ſaid, he was ſorry that Mr Dryden when he charg'd every page of *Shakeſpeer*, and *Fletcher* with ſome *Soleciſm* of ſpeech, or notorious *flaw* in ſence, did not read their writings and his own with the ſame ſpectacles, for had he, he would never have left ſo incorrect a line as this in that *Epilogue*, where he taxes the Antients ſo ſuperciliouſly;

*Then Comedy was faultleſs, but 'twas courſe.*

'tis a favour to call this but a *flaw*; nay, in the threſhold of his *Granada*.

*Thus in the Triumphs of ſoft peace I reign,*
*And from my walls defie the pow'rs of* Spain.

which two verſes agree as ill, as if one were a *Moor*, and the other a *Spaniard*.

again in the *Firſt Part*,

*As ſome fair Tulip by a ſtorm oppreſt,*
*Shrinks up, and folds its ſilken arms to reſt;*
*And bending to the blaſt, all pale and dead,*
*Hears from within the wind ſing round its head.*

This *Tulip* that could hear the wind ſing its *Epicedium*, after it was *dead*; you may be ſure grew no where but in a Poets Garden.

in the *Second Part*,

*So two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,*
*Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Skie,*
*Each calls his mate to shelter in the Groves,*
*Leaving in murmurs their unfinish't Loves;*
*Pearch't on some dropping branch, they sit alone,*
*And cooe, and hearken to each others moan.*

Where because a *Turtle* was a solitary Bird, he made two of them sit alone.

Again, speaking of *Almanzor*:

*— a gloomy smile arose*
*From his bent brows, and still the more he heard,*
*A more severe, and sullen joy appeard.*

Here is a *Smile* describ'd with so much Art, that the description may serve indifferenly either for a *Smile*, or a *Frown*, any other *Smile*, but a *gloomy* one, rising from *bent brows*, would have look't too effeminately pleasant in *Almanzor's* grim face; a clear proof this of the *Epistle*, that *dimples* may not misbecome the *stern beauty* of a *Heroe*:

These he found in *Annus Mirabilis*.

*So sicken waning Moons too near the Sun,*
*And blunt their Crescents on the edge of day.*

Compared with these in *Maximin*.

*My flaming sword above them to display,*
*All keen and ground upon the edge of Day.*

From

From which he inferr'd, that the *Edge of Day* was capacitated indifferently either to *blunt*, or *sharpen*, according to the Poets pleasure, as from that verse in his *Astræa Redux*:

*A horrid Silnesse first invades the Ear*,

he observ'd *that to invade the Ear* (in Mr *Drydens* Dictionary) signified any violence offer'd to the Ear, either from Noise, or Silence.

In another place in *Maximin*, he seems fully to have answer'd his Prologue, in not *servilely stooping so low as Sence*;

*To bind* Porphyrius *firmely to the State*,
*I will this day my Cæsar him create*,
*And*, *Daughter*, *I will give him you for wife.*

here, in making *Porphyrius* a Bride, he has *reacht an excellence*, and justify'd his representation of *big-belly'd Men* in the *Wild Gallant*, a greater impossibility, then any *Shakespear* can be censur'd for (for impossybility's in Mr *Drydens* charge are sence, but in anothers nonsence) though he wants not these smaller *indecorum's* neither; such as his introducing *Donna Aurelia* in the *Mock-Astrologer*, retrenching her words, which how consistent 'tis with the *Spanish* Gravity, the *great Dons of Wit* can best resolve him, and such is that indecency, committed in his *Mayden Queen*, where the *Queen* and Courtiers stand still, to hear *Celadon* and *Florimell* with a great deal of cold mirth absurdly *usurp* the Queens Prerogative in making new Marriage-Laws.

That Mr *Drydens* wit was as much advanc'd beyond

 that

that of the Ancients, as his ſenſe & Language; was Evident from theſe Clenches ( to omit that of Pulpit-Quibling finding the *benefit of its Clergy* ſince he was ſo mannerly, as to ask leave to clench there) in his forecited *Elegy* on our Engliſh *Maximin*.

*Though in his Praiſe, no Arts can liberall be.*

In his *Rival Ladyes*, a Serving man threatents to beat the Poet *with a ſtaff of his own Rhymes*.
In his *Mayden Queen*, little *Sabina* tells *Florimell*, *well my drolling Lady, I may* be *even with you*: to which *Florimell* wittyly, *not this ten years by thy growth yet*: and after, tells her taller ſiſter *Olinda*, *ſhe cannot affront her becauſe ſhe is ſo tall*.

and to parallell *B. Johnſon's*,

*Forty things more*, dear Grand, *which you know true*,
*For which*, or *pay me quickly*, or *I'le pay you*.

*Celadon* ( in the ſame Play ) tells *Florimell*; *I ſhall grow deſperately conſtant, and all the tempeſt of my love will fall upon your head: I ſhall ſo pay you*: to which *Florimell* makes this reply; *Who you, pay me? you are a bankrupt, caſt beyond all poſſibility of recovery*. This when repeated by *Lovehy* in that incomparable clenching Comedy, the *Wild Gallant*, Mr *Dryden*, and the *Taylors Wife* call'd a Jeſt, but is farr from Wit in all Languages. To be ſhort, that his wit depended often on a ridiculous chiming of words, was evident from ſuch inſtances as theſe,

*Under*

*Under* Almanzor *prosperously they fought,*
Almanzor *therefore must with prayr's be sought.*

*Know that as* Selin *was not won by thee,*
*Neither will I by* Selins *daughter be.*

*Forbear dear Father, for your* Ozmyns *sake,*
*Do not such words to* Oznys *father speak.*

*But what's the cause that keeps you here with me?*
*That I may know what keeps me here with you.*

*Would you your hand in* Selins *bloud embrue,*
*Kill him unarm'd, who arm'd stood killing you?*

much after the rate of that old Tick-tack

*A Pye, a Pudding,*
*A Pudding, a Pye,*
*A Pudding-Pye.*
*A Pye for me,*
*A Pudding for thee,*
*A Pudding for me,*
*A Pye for thee,*
*A Pudding-Pye for me and thee!*

A modern Poet stept up next, and said, he observ'd Mr. *Dryden* pass'd no better a Complement on the Poets of this Age in his *Prologue* to his *Granada*, then on

those of the former in his *Postscript* and *Epilogue*; for these he tax't as liberally with writing *dull sence*, as those with writing *incorrect*; and preferr'd his own *gay nonsence* equally to both. That his Play was the best comment on his *Prologue*, and his *Tulip* with *silken armes*, and two verses.

*But silk-worm like, so long within have wrought,*
*That I am lost in my own webb of thought.*

sufficiently displai'd his *gayety* of *nonsence*: and 'twas for this reason he suppos'd that he upbraided *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* with meanness of expression in their *Scenes of Love*, because those *dull unthinking men* never had their thoughts so *well dres't*, as to transform their Lovers into such *gay* things, as *Silkwormes* and *Tulips*; but this was the unhappiness of their Education, they were not so well bred, nor kept so good Company as Mr *Dryden*; nay had *Johnson* (who was *more conversant in Courts*) converst (as our Poet) only with Persons of Honour, he had never disgrac'd the Stage with *Tib* in her Rags, but attir'd her more like a modern Comœdian in a *broad-brim'd Hatt*, and *wast Belt*: but 'twas plain, his Humor discover'd more of the Mechanique & the Clown, then the Gentleman; thus *Otters Horse*, and his *Bear*, and his *Bull*, might be entertaining to a Groom, or a Bear-ward, but nothing in nature and all that (to english *Tom. Otters in rerum naturâ*) was more odious to a Man of Garniture and Feathers: in those days they regal'd their Audience with the *Acorns of Poetry*, and no marvell then if *Cobs Tankard* quench't their thirst no lesse then pure *Helicon*: in fine,

*Johnson's*

*Johnſon's* wit had too much *Alchymy*, and their beſt too much allay to paſs for that of the *Golden Age*, an honour only due to the Poets of theſe times, that bring *old Iron on the Stage*. The honour of the *Golden Age* ( reply'd another ) belongs juſtly to M^r *Dryden*, who ever return'd home richly fraught from *Spain* and *America*; to his Catholique Conqueſts Poetry ow's its *Indies*, and its *Plate-Fleets*: and after ſuch Voiages and Diſcoveries, he could not but wonder a little at his modeſt excuſing his ignorance in Sea Terms in his *Annus Mirabilis*; ſince he was very confident that his Muſe that had ſo often croſt the Seas, and endur'd ſo many Storms and Shipwracks could not but be *Tarpawlin* ſufficient enough to make an Heroick Poem on *Star-boord*, and *Lar-boord*. His bluſtering Metaphors would more then acquit him of *Horace* his Cenſure,

*Serpit humi tutus, nimium timiduſq; procellæ.*

The boldeſt of the old Poets never raiſ'd ſuch Tempeſts as he, though they labour'd to ſwell their Poetical Sails with all the four winds blowing at once ( as M^r *Cowly* ingeniouſly, on, *Una Euruſque; Notuſque ruunt, creberque procellis Africus*, &c. ) He was the man Nature ſeem'd to make choice of to enlarge the Poets Empire, & to compleat thoſe Diſcovery's others had begun to *ſhadow*: that *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* (as ſome think) erected the *Pillars* of Poetry is a groſſe errour; this Zany of *Columbus* has diſcover'd a Poeticall World of greater extent then the Naturall, peopled with *Atlantick* Colony's of *notionall creatures*, *Aſtrall Spirits*, *Ghoſts*,

*Ghosts*, & *Idols*, more various then ever the *Indians* worshipt, and *Heroes*, more lawless than their *Savages*. The already discover'd habitable world (joyn'd with Sr *Thomas Moor's*, and the Lord *Bacon's*) was too narrow a Compasse for his Geography of Thoughts, which would admit of no *unpeopled Solitudes*, nor *Terra Incognita*; this Poeticall *Coryat* would travell beyond the Poles of Nature and Opinion; sometimes we have him mounting his *Pegasus*, and taking a flight to the *Mountains of the Moon*, and the Bed of *Nyle*, then (having *baited* first *at Heaven*) making his Journey through the lower *Fields of Ayr*, to *Spencers Bower of Bliss*, and *Tasso's Enchanted wood* (both lately discover'd in *Fairy-Land*) there visiting such wandring Souls as *flagging flutter'd down from the middle Sky*, and dispossessing the *Swallows* of their Winter Quarters, lay leiger for *Mortall frames* in Trunks of hollow Trees. Thus ha's he out travall'd the Sun, and made his flights on the wings of his own fancy without the assistance of *Ganza's*, or *Bottles* of *May-Dew*. In short, did Mr *Cowley*, or any others dislike this *Fairy* part of Poetry, (though Mr *Cowly* had answer'd himself by making use of Angels & visions in his *Davideis*, where the Argument required it) the Poet had prettily excus'd his fantastique Scenes, & Visionary Pageants, in that Apologetick Verse,

- *Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.*

With him joyn'd a *phlegmatick heavy Gownman*, who hoped that that Verse was a frank confession of the Poet, that he compos'd severall of his Raptures in a Dream, of which nature was this in his *Maximin*.

*Thou*

*Thou treadſt th' Abyſs of Light,*

*Abyſs* is a word ſo inconſiſtent with *Light*, that 'tis ſcarce Bright enough for its Shadow.

In *Granada*,

*Heavens Out-caſt, and the Droſs of every Star.*

Compare this with another in *Maximin*,

*—None, will be ſo bright,*
*So pure, or with ſo ſmall allays of light,*

and you'l ſay ti's all *pure refin'd* nonſence, without the leaſt *allay* of *dull* Sence.

In another place in *Maximin*,

*I reel, and ſtagger, and am drunk with light.*

this Verſe the Poet made, when he was ſhut up in a *dark room* and not ſuffer'd to ſee the light.

Again.

*So mayſt thou live thy thouſand years in peace,*
*And ſee thy Aery Progeny increaſe.*

Here it may be a *Quære*, whether *Spirits* (ſince amongſt them ther's no diſtinction of Sexes) get all *Sons*, or all *daughters*. And following thoſe,

*So mayſt thou ſtill continue freſh and fair,*
*Fed by the blaſt of pure Ætheriall Ayr.*

How the *Æther*., that yeelds a nouriſhment ſo thin (ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from none at all) that it would ſtarve a *Cameleon*, ſhould fatten a *Spirit*, ſeems a Paradoxe: now after all this, the World may judge whether the notions of Poets (the Fathers of his Church)

concerning ſpirits and Specters, were more ſatisfactory, then thoſe of Philoſophers and Divines; and whether Mr *Dryden* was not ſtark Inſpiration mad, and in one of his Enthuſiaſtique fits, when he objected it as lazineſſe, or dulneſſe to the Clergy, that they did not preach in Verſe; That Reformation this Age muſt not be ſo happy as to expect, ſince the Objector had alter'd his reſolution of exchanging the Sock and Buſkin for the Canonicall Girdle. Here a great Patron of Rhyme interpoſ'd, and ſaid, he could heartily wiſh that not only Divines would preach, Lawyers plead, Philoſophers diſpute, and Councellers debate, but even our Ladys and Gallants would converſe in Rhyme, for beſides that this would take off the Argument of the the unnaturallneſs of Rhyme,

It would be a means of exalting our thoughts, and raiſing Converſation above the vulgar level, for what can be ſuppoſ'd more indecent then for Ladys and Perſons of Quality to walk on foot in Proſe with the Rabble? Without the ſweetneſſe and cadency of Rhyme our quick Repartees in diſcourſe loſe much of their Beauty, when as if he that ſpoke laſt be nick'd by another, both in wit and ſound, nothing is left deſireable. Nay, Mr *Dryden* that writ ill in Rhyme, would have writ worſe, without it, for ſuch Redundancy's as this in *Granada, First Part*,

*This is my will, and this I will have done.*

which is a handſome way of ſaying *this is my will* twice ſuch mean Couplets as this in *Maximin.*

*O my dear Brother, whom Heav'n let us ſee,*
*And would not longer ſuffer him to be!* and

and ſuch precipitations from ſuch heights, as,

*Say but he's dead, that God ſhall mortall be:*
*See nothing, Eyes, henceforth, but Death and wo,*
*You've have done me the worſt Office you can do.*

would never have been paſſable, were not many cozn'd with their ſound; in a word, many things were charg'd upon the Poet, of which the Rhymer was no ways guilty, but there needed no greater Argument for the efficacy of Rhime above Blank Verſe, then that of blowing a Candle out, and blowing in again, in two Verſes.

*Granada. Like Tapers new blown out the fumes remain,*
*To catch the light, and bring it back again.*

where the ſnuff expires ſo ſweetly, it cannot be offenſive to the moſt critical Noſe. To this a Favourer of Blank verſe with ſome heat reply'd, that theſe verſes in *Granada*, *Second Part*,

*You ſee Sir, with what hardſhip I have kept*
*This precious gage which in my hands you left.*

Theſe in the *Indian Emperour*,

*But I'me ſo far from meriting eſteem,*
*That if I judge, I muſt my ſelf condemn.*

And theſe in *Maximin*,

*Porphyrius. Too long, as if Eternity were ſo.*
*Berenice. Riſe good* Porphyrius (*ſince it muſt be ſo.*)

proclaim'd the Rhymer no leſs faulty then the Poet,

and evidently prov'd that Mr *Dryden* enslav'd his sense as little to Rhyme, as elsewhere to Syllables; and both to sense. Who after this will deny that the way of writing in verse; is the most free and unconstrain'd? in which the Poet is not ty'd up to Language, sense, Syllables, or Rhyme, but even, sweet, and flowing numbers, and smart Repartees (in plain English, playing with words) attone for the want of all. With what impudence can the Adversaries of Rhyme object its difficultie? when those that are formed neither by Art nor Nature, may write whole plays, such as Mr *Dryden's* in it, without easing themselves on *pace and trot*. It is but framing the character of a Huff of the Town, one that from breaking Glass-windows, and combating the watch, starts up an *Heroe*: him you must make very saucy to his superiours, to shew he is of the same stamp with *Achilles* and *Rinaldo*; then tame the savage with the charming sight of the *Kings Daughter* (or wife) whom this *St George* is to deliver from the *Dragon*, or greater dangers: to heighten his character the more, bring in a sheepish King with a Guard of poultrons to be kick't by him, as often as he thinks fit his Miss. should be a witnesse of his Gallantry: if this be not enough, let him play prizes with Armies, still Tumults with one look, and raise Rebellions with another. The Language is no lesse easie then the characters, 'tis but stuffing five Acts with *Fate*, *Destiny*, *Charms*, *Charming fair*, *Killing fair*, *heavenly fair*, *the Fair and Brave*, *the Lover and the Brave*, &c. an allusion to *two kind Turtles*, foisted in, an impertinent Simile from a Storm, or a Shipwrack, and a sensless Song of *Phillis*, and the businesse is done: the descriptions may be

be borrewed from *Statius*, and *Montaigns* Essays, the Reason and Politicall Ornaments from Mr *Hobs*, and the Astrologicall (and if need be, the Language too) from *Ibrahim*, or the *Illustrious Bassa*. To conclude all, he said, a barren Invention must ever be provided with such necessary helps, as the following Forms, to which he might have recourse on all occusions.

Some Forms and Figurative Expressions of so large an extent, that they are adjusted to all Characters in all Plays, Tragedys, Comedys, and Tragi-Comedys, whether written in *Rhyme*, Blank Verse, or *Prose*; suitable to all Prologues, Epilogues, and Dramatique Essays that are, or shall be written.

For magnifique Sound

*As when some dreadfull Thunderclap is nigh,*
*The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Sky,*
*Strikes, and consumes, e're scarce it does appear.* — *Indian Emperor.*

Or varied thus:

*—As when Winds and Rain together crowd,*
*They swell till they have burst the bladder'd cloud:*
*And first, the Lightning flashing deadly clear,*
*Flyes, Falls, Consumes, e're scarce it does appear.* — *Granada. 2. part.*

For gentle verses, that do not ~~shake~~ *shock us* in the reading.

*— Heav'n, which moulding Beauty takes such care,*
*Makes gentle fates on purpose for the fair;* — *Maiden-Queen.*

*And Destiny that sees them so divine,*
*Spins all their fortunes in a silken twine.*

Translate the *Fair* to the *Brave*, it may be thus,

Granada. 1. part. *If fate weaves common Thrid, he'le change the doom,*
*And with new Purple spread a nobler loom.*

for a Rant

Indian Emperour. *Ile grasp my Scepter with my dying hand.*

Or thus, higher:

Rivall Ladys. *—I'le grasp it*
*Even after death.*

Higher yet

Granada 2. part. *I'le hold it fast*
*As Life, and when life's gone, I'le hold it last.*

For generous Love:

Maximin. *Though to my former vowes I must be true,*
*I'le ever keep one love entire for you,*
*That love which Brothers with chast Sisters make.*

Or with a more poynant brevity:

Granada. 1. part. *Take friendship, or if that too small appear,*
*Take Love, which Sisters may to Brothers bear.*

For sharpnesse of conceit.

Epilogue to Mock Astrologer. *He es'd his half-tir'd Muse on pace and trot.*

That is,

Essay of Dramatique Poetry. *Sometimes upon Rhyme, sometimes upon Blank Verse,*
*Like an Horse, who eases himself upon Trot and Amble.*

For

For pleasant folly,

*— in the prime*

*Of Easter Term, in Tart and Cheese-cake time.* *Epilogue to Maximin.*

Easily resolved thus into prose:

*In Easter Term, when the Country Gentlewomen come up to the destruction of Tarts and Cheese-cakes.* *Sr Martin Mariall.*